



New age by OrangeLovePerson

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Summary: Little one-shot on Eleven's thoughts right after escaping the laboratory.

New age

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

I love "Stranger Things", but I don't own it. :)

New age

She didn't really know what she had expected. What she had thought it would be like.

Here she was, away from that building, away from that world.

All she knew now, was, that it was terribly cold out here, and dark. It wasn't supposed to be like this, was it? No, it wasn't. It wasn't supposed to be cold and dark EVER AGAIN. She was supposed to be somewhere else, some other place, where things made more sense, perhaps.

Papa had said it would all be fine. He'd said that they would write history together. Was that what had happened, when everything fell apart? When everyone was shouting and when the red lights were everywhere? Was that what "writing history" was like? Eleven didn't like "writing history" all that much, she decided. She didn't like it one bit.

She went through the night, and her feet were so wet and dirty and COLD that her legs trembled horribly. She still kept moving, she didn't want the bad men to find her somehow. She hated the bad men. She didn't even feel guilty when she hurt them. They were BAD. And Papa was, too, sometimes.

At one point, she fell asleep, - she just stopped walking and cowered down somewhere. Her arms shook uncontrollably, as she wrapped them around her legs and cried. The noisy rain mingled with her tears, as something rustled in the dark, and the freezing wind made her ears hurt.

But as she opened her eyes again, - minutes or years might have

passed, - the night was over, and there was the sun. The sky was so soft and blue and wide, and the trees, that had scared her before as the dark, shadowy creatures they had been, looked beautiful to her, now.

She was still confused, and cold, and hungry, of course, but something had changed, somehow. She was away from her scary world, and as she realized how different this *new* world looked like in the light of day, she didn't feel as scared anymore.

Maybe she was exactly where she was supposed to be.